

The Sketch.



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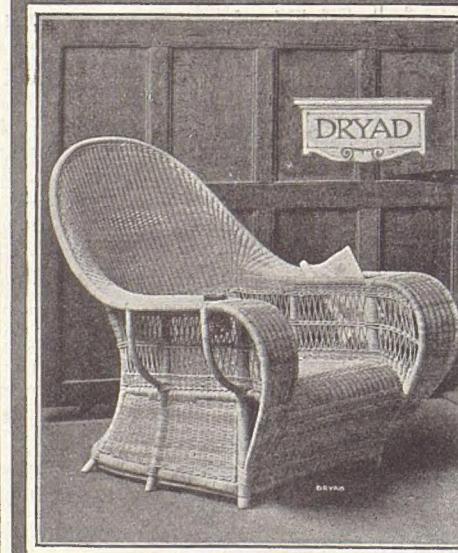
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The Sketch

No. 1207 — Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



EMILY: MISS GLADYS COOPER, AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Miss Gladys Cooper is a great success in "Please Help Emily," at the Playhouse. Other portraits of her in the piece appear on our double-page in photogravure.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

THE WAR AND THE ALTAR: A BRIDE, AND BRIDES-TO-BE.



Miss Frances Cox is daughter of Lieut.-Col. St. J. A. Cox, C.M.G., Royal Irish Regiment, and Mrs. Cox, of Farnham. Capt. Brawn, Prince of Wales's North Staffordshire Regiment, is son of the late Mr. George Brown and Mrs. Brown, of Sandhills, Staffordshire.—Miss Kathleen Blackwell (Mrs. H. Morton) is the grand-daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Francis Blackwell, and was married on March 10 to Mr. H. Morton, scientific engineer.—Miss Stella Kuhling is daughter of Mrs. Kuhling, North Ferriby, East Yorks. Major J. F. Barrington, R.G.A., is youngest son of the late Col. J. T. Barrington, R.A., and Mrs. Barrington, of Bray, Ireland.—Miss Pulleine is daughter of Capt. and Mrs. H. P. Pulleine, of Richmond, Yorks. Capt. H. C. H.

Eden, R.F.A., is son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Eden, of Glen Dderwen, Glamorgan.—Miss Phillips is daughter of the late Mr. Francis Melland Phillips, of Casa Devonia, Bordighera, and of Mrs. Melland Phillips, of Horsell, Surrey. Lieut. Lynes, Warwickshire Regiment, is the youngest son of Dr. J. Lynes, M.P., of Coventry.—Miss Hely-Hutchinson is the daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, and the Hon. Lady Hely-Hutchinson, St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate. Mr. Gerard Young is eldest son of Sir Mackworth and Lady Young, of Oak Lea, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.—The Hon. Irene Molesworth is daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Molesworth. Mr. R. F. Gosset, E. Yorkshire Regiment, is son of Col. Edward F. Gosset.

THE CANTEEN AND THE RED CROSS: SOCIETY WORKERS.



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1. AN ORGANISER OF CANTEENS FOR MUNITION-WORKERS: LADY LAWRENCE.
2. A WORKER FOR THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY: MARCHIONESS INOUYE.

Lady Lawrence has started and organised some thirty canteens for munition-workers in various areas. Before her marriage, which took place in 1907, she was known as Miss Dorothy Hobson. Her father was Inspector-General of Police, St. Vincent, West Indies, for many years. Lord Lawrence is a Major in the 11th Battalion, London Regiment.—Marchioness Inouye, wife of the Japanese Ambassador, is working for the British Red

3. IN THE EQUIPMENT STORES AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY: LADY SOPHIE SCOTT AND LADY MARY WARD.

Cross Society at Burlington House head-depot for hospital supplies, which are sent through headquarters, 83, Pall Mall. The depot is to be moved to 48, Grosvenor Square.—Lady Sophie Scott is the sister of Earl Cadogan. She married Captain Sir Samuel E. Scott, Bt., M.P. in 1896.—Lady Mary Ward is the second daughter of the Earl of Gosford, and married Captain the Hon. Arthur Ward, in 1906.—[Photographs by Kate Pragnell.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS.

BEAUTY AND—

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THIS is a true story—all the stories I tell you are true, of course, but this one is particularly true:

You know that, as water flows to the river, as wealth goes to the wealthy, so do the oddest things find their way to Red Cross Sales. Things that one does not want any more—never wanted, in fact—but that other people are sure to treasure if the price is high enough. When it is not a nightie having belonged to Queen Elizabeth, or the curling-tongs of Julius Caesar, or the best corset of Salome, it is a beautiful brute of a bulldog, all teeth and eyes out.

A man I know—a very busy man who fights shy of Stage and Society, and spends his time between work and breeding bulldogs—was exhibiting such a beast the other day when a much be-photographed, be-paraphrased, be-lauded, be-postcarded young lady went to the man and the beast, and smiled on them both her most toothsome, winsome smile. "What a beauty!" she said, beaming on the brute. "For sale? Yes?" She inquired the price, and then, beaming on the man—"And wouldn't you like to give a doggie like this to me?" she asked sweetly murmuring her name. "Well—er," said the man, "who are you?"

If the lady is still thinking of the brute, I believe it is the man she pictures up in her wrathful mind's eye.

Of course, not all people have such sublime assurance. At the Grosvenor House concert some time ago I was near the artists' room. Lady Churston, Mlle. Dorzat, Mabel Russell, and a number of other people who were doing turns confessed they were almost rigid with fright, whether at appearing in a smallish room—the ball-room at Grosvenor House is small compared to a theatre—or at making their curtsey to Queen Alexandra, I don't know.

Incredible as it may seem, there are actually moments when Good

"And smiled on them both her most toothsome, winsome smile."

Samaritanesses shun the photographers—and that is *after* they leave the buffets for soldiers and sailors where they have been helping. Oh, *before*, they let themselves be snapshotted docilely enough! It happened to Betta the other day. She was photographed as she entered the canteen, with 'cute, crisp curls, her pink skin slightly dusted with powder, and her frock immaculately fresh. Her task consisted of washing up. At the end of the two hours emerged a poor little Betta not as beautiful as usual.

The photographer was still there; but, as Betta told me with a sob in her throat, "Fortunately, he did not recognise me!"

Apropos of my last article, here is another cutting sent me which saddens me. Judge for yourselves—

"Must do without clothes.—A tailor at Penzance, Cornwall, applied for the exemption of his only remaining man, aged thirty, who made costumes for ladies.

"That is one of the luxuries," said the military representative. "Ladies must do without clothes" (!)

"Application refused."

It looks as if it's not only the frus that will be left out in the cold! We do not all possess the long tresses of Lady Godiva to hide any deficiency in dress. And if all the men tailors are sent to



TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

the front to cut up the enemy, who is going to cut out our coats, I ask you? For it's just as impossible for a woman—however clever she is at dressmaking—to "build" a coat and skirt as it is for a man to fashion a bow out of a ribbon. It's not a question of silly sex superiority. There are things men manage better than women, and others in which they can't even imitate us. For instance, it takes a man's hand to whip a *mayonnaise*; but no man could gracefully kiss his pet rival on the cheek and say, "How lovely you look in this hat, darling!" He'd never even try. We can.

I feel full of curiosity concerning that "Military Representative." What sort of a man was he, d'you think? A stern, Spartan sort of person, a much-married male bothered by bills because of an extravagant wife, or a humorous chap with a wink in each eye and his tongue in both cheeks? Or yet a young and eager "you," the sort of "you" that sits in the very front stalls of the music-hall, almost on top of the orchestra, and stares at the music—and past it—through a lorgnette that won't come off?

I wonder?

No one buys jewellery any more now—that is to say, for oneself!—and the newest thing in brooches is a bar of platinum about two-and-a-half inches long, inset with diamonds. Sometimes there are sixteen stones in one brooch. The Army is not hard up—and it has a nice taste in presents!

He was a Major, a Staff Major a very Staff Major. I mean by that that he knew all about the war, of course, but he had never been exactly in the thick of it—see? At least, that's what I gathered "in the light of subsequent events," as literary people say. At that moment—the moment I am telling you of—he was walking in Bond Street with his little wife. He was on leave—yes, 'twas in the golden days when one could get leave! They stopped next to me as I was mentally trying on different hats outside Froufrou and Co.'s window, and they were talking.

HE: "But, my dear, whenever I am on leave, whenever I take you out, it's the same thing—you never seem to be satisfied!"

SHE: "Well, naturally, no woman likes to be seen about town with the same old thing always!"

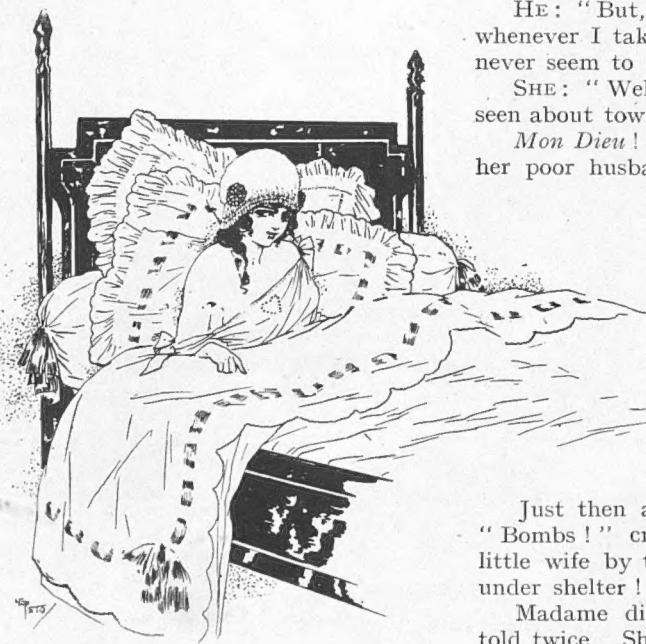
Mon Dieu! I thought, but she is not amiable for her poor husband! He is an old thing, it is well true, and I can understand her not liking to be seen much with him. Still, she need not tell him so to "his nose and his beard."

"Most husbands," went on the lady, "would have guessed without being told; I want a new one. I am quite ashamed to go to Lady Rose's concert with a battered-looking, out-of-shape—"

Poor old Major!—and I could have sworn he wore stays!

Just then a loud explosion made us all jump. "Bombs!" cried the Major, grabbing his cruel little wife by the arm. "Run in, darling—run in under shelter!"

Madame did not need to be pushed, or to be told twice. She ran into Froufrou and Co., and had already unpinned her hat and perched a new one on her sleek head before the poor old Major had realised that a taxi-cab tyre had burst behind us, opportunely to serve his wife's wishes—for it struck me then that possibly it was a new hat, not a new husband, the little lady had been asking for so shamelessly all the time!



"The lazy little girls who stay in bed until luncheon."



"Her task consisted of washing up."



"Or a humorous chap with a wink in each eye."

Will many of "yous" be at the Albert Hall on the 18th? A number of Irish pipers are coming to London to play there on that date to celebrate St. Patrick's Day (a day late, of course, but it does not matter), and to rouse any Irishmen that are left to a state of frenzy—not against the pipers! Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Maud Warrender, and Lady Limerick are the organisers of the concert, which is for funds for the Free Buffets for Soldiers and Sailors. Mrs. Milligan Fox is now scoring some old Irish war marches for the occasion; she knows a deal about Irish music, and collects folk-songs. The dear little shamrock is to be sold by Lady Limerick in the intervals of the concert.

The poor wretches who cannot get an armlet from the Government—and all self-respecting men and women to-day have to own one—can get them from the jeweller's, where they are sold in the form of tiny charms of white or khaki enamel, with the Crown in red or any other device that the Government has made its own.

The armlet that women are going to wear as outward and visible evidence of the fact that they are war-workers has already been used by dressmakers as a decorative detail for frocks. An armlet of roses accompanied an evening frock. The sleeve that is only a band of material with a frill each side worn just above the elbow, leaving the shoulder and lower arm bare, is also a sort of armlet. There is



"The dear little shamrock."

method in this armlet-madness—it is, in fact, quite a sophisticated sort of sleeve, showing the prettiest part of the arm, the rounded bit.

I'm wondering whether the lazy little girls who stay in bed until luncheon, and then eat their meal daintily undressed in a chiffoné and a saucy, lacy mob-cap, and are more concerned about their complexion than war-work, are going to captivate and capture all the nice men when they come home after the war. I am wondering whether the women who have gone to work on the land at their country's call may not be a bit out of it in those glad days! Would not it be too bad if they were to find that the "foolish virgins" who played and rested had proved to be the really wise ones, after all—worldly-wise, of course?

It depends so much on "yous," you see, on the sort of "yous" who think that women's sacrifice is splendid, but—that it must not show! Whose hand is more likely to be sought when the warrior wants a wife—the soft small one of the woman who has spared the satin of her skin, or the big, brown, blistered hand of the war-worker? Doing one's bit is not always a beautifying process. Of course, one can frivol on a farm when it is fine, and gain a clearer skin, more buoyant spirits, and a sound sleep that will counterbalance the damaging effects of London life; and one can work in earnest and achieve merit—yes, and also half a size larger in gloves, a fine fan-like design at the corner of one's eyes from facing the sun and the wind, a weatherproof face, and the potato-patch stoop! If only women were sure that it wouldn't make any difference to "yous" whether their fluffiness had flown from them under the war-wind as the seed of the dandelion; but—!

And, talking of war-work, let me tell you of two maids and a man—and his wife. They had been a comfy little *ménage*, in a comfy little house in Mayfair, with half-a-dozen servants or so to look after the *ménage* and the house. Then the war; and the master

of the little house left his practice in his partner's hands—he was a professional man—and got a commission. The big man-servant enlisted, and the mistress remained alone with her four maids in the man-less little house.

Some months later the husband—on leave—suggested gently to Molly dear that, his income being reduced rather considerably, it might perhaps be possible, by putting their heads together, to cut down expenses.

"Certainly," said Molly, with a meek little smile. "Couldn't you get used to cheaper cigars, don't you think? And I'll wear artificial flowers in future, instead of fresh ones!"

"There is a good girl," said Hubby, very much amused; "but I don't mean that sort of savings. Couldn't you, for instance, do with two or three maids instead of four? Wouldn't cook and one housemaid and your own maid do while I am away?"

"Dicky dear, I couldn't! I am willing not to have the music-room done up and re-carpeted if we are so hard up; but the maids must stay, or else this house won't be fit to receive anybody. No, Dicky dear; the maids must stay!"

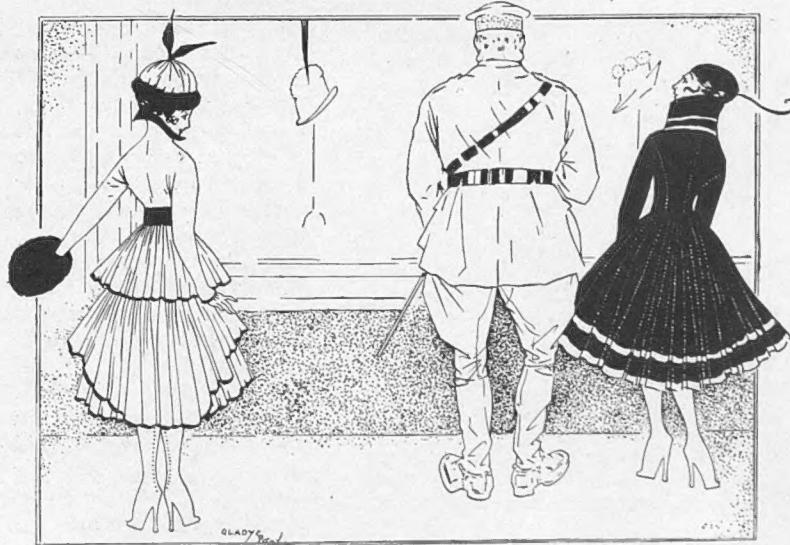
Dicky did not see the need of "receiving" while he was away, but, being a wise man, he kissed Molly on her sunny hair and spoke of other things.

Then, in the course of time, two of Molly's maids went of their own choice—one to become a lift-girl, the other to sit at the entrance of a station and sell tickets. But Molly succeeded in replacing them. Two pretty and superior girls took their place. So vain was Molly of their appearance that she dressed the parlour-maid in a dove-grey frock and the fancifullest of caps and aprons. "Yous" who have seen "Betty" know what I mean. Then Dicky had another leave, and he complimented Molly on having secured "such a sweet kid of a parlour-maid." He repeated again and again, on every occasion, that he hoped those new servants would stay. "Make them a little present now and then," he suggested; "or shall I?"

Molly said she would, but she was beginning not to feel so sure that she had chosen wisely, after all!

And one day there was Dicky's ring at the door, and the parlourmaid's light step in the hall, and—and—yes, the sound of a kiss!

Molly told Dicky that she had decided to economise—that the cook (the plainest of women, if not of cooks) and one housemaid of some forty years would suffice for the work of the house. But she grew such a sad, silent little woman that Dicky soon had to tell



"Most husbands . . . would have guessed . . . I want a new one!"

her that he had kissed the parlourmaid very deliberately—when he was sure Molly would hear him do it—for economic reasons!

And Molly forgave him.

But this is an anecdote—not an advice!



SMALL TALK

THOUGH the Duchess of Marlborough follows the crowd to the extent of attending the first nights of the revues, she keeps other trysts as well. Just before Lent she spent an evening at the Providence Row Refuge, where Bishop Butt (instead of a Mr.) was the impresario, assisted by Sisters of Mercy, instead of a Fay Compton chorus. The Providence Row Refuge gives a bed (with a leather coverlet), soup and breakfast to any outcast of the streets, and is one of the most encouraging, as well as one of the most discouraging of sights to be found in the Metropolis. In old days, I remember, Cardinal Manning and Lady Colin Campbell were both interested in the Shelter, and now the Duchess, pretty and fresh as paint, has turned up among the derelicts, greatly to their profit, and, as she declares in a spirit of Lenten humility, to her own.

Lady Cowdray and the Others. Lady Cowdray is deep in the work of the Star and Garter Building Fund; but next to Lady Cowdray in the list of workers come the actresses. Miss Nina Boucicault is secretary; Miss Lena Ashwell, it goes without saying, is on the committee; Lady Forbes Robertson is President; Miss Auriol Lee, Miss Janette Steer, and Miss Winifred Mayo are among her lieutenants. The rebuilding of the old hotel is to cost less money than the elaborate changes necessary under the abandoned alteration scheme; all details of comfort for the inmates have been thought out, estimated, and passed—from balconies to perambulator-beds. The paralysed always greatly dread fire, and the new beds can be wheeled out—two at a time, if necessary—by the least robust of nurses. Depend upon it that the British Women's Hospital at Richmond is going to be put through in good order, for the women of England, from the two Queens to the most energetic and persuasive of the young professionals, have it well in hand.

The Wilton Will, and Afterwards. When of the will of Isabella Countess of Wilton—or Countess Susan, as she was sometimes called—was granted to Sir Walter Trower a week or two back, it transpired that she left £12,500 in cash and £8000 in stock to her maid. Sir Walter was only one among many friends of the late Countess to congratulate the fortunate legatee. But since then people have been asking themselves if that will does not set up an uncomfortable precedent. Something, ever since, in the eyes of your maid seems to question whether you are not wholly satisfied with her services—as wholly satisfied as any departed Countess had a right to be. And if you happen to be the present Countess of Wilton, or one of the other Dowager-Countesses of Wilton, or even if you happen to be a Lady

Trower, you have particular reason for feeling just a trifle self-conscious when your pearls are being snapped on your neck or your tiara placed among your curls.

Lent, On and Off. Little luncheons, little suppers, little weddings go on as usual during Lent; the theatres are not affected. Nothing, seemingly, that touches your neighbour as well as yourself is being cut off. But the penitential season has given a real impetus to quite personal and private self-denial. The lonely man in the club is often without a cigar, the solitary man in the restaurant has no bottle at his elbow, the single shopper does not drop into Barbellion's for a cake in the middle of her morning. But in company the good resolution no longer holds: the non-smoking man produces his cigarette-case, the non-drinker orders his bottle, the cake-eaters gather in clusters round the counter. There lies the peculiarity of a Lent which you may take as seriously as you like in secret. In public you are forbidden to do anything unsociable, sociability being the standing order for 1916.

Saving on Petrol and Pictures. Mr. McKenna has given up his motor for the duration—of Lent. Mme. Blanche Marchesi has given up most of her pictures, for ever. Last week the walls of her house in Greville Place were dismantled, and her Johns, Wilson Steers, Condors, Sickerts, and other "moderns" offered at Christie's. The collection was famous in its own little way, and the King Street Rooms were crowded with the people who had watched the Greville Place picture-galleries—dining-room, drawing-room, staircase, etc.—grow more crowded with good things year by year. Conder's "Pepita"

fetched 230 guineas—isn't Pepita one of the pictures in which Baroness A. de Meyer figures?—and a Conder fan was knocked

"—of Milo." Lord Talbot de Malahide's only son, Mr. James Boswell Talbot, has decided to sell his books. They will make a great stir, and great prices. Several bear the signature of "James Boswell," and one is a presentation copy to the author of the "Life" from the Doctor himself. Mr. Talbot, of course, is called after Bozzy; but where his uncle came by the name of Milo we know not. In 1911 that uncle married Miss Eva Joicey—and the inevitable *mot*s were showered on the blushing bride. Which recalls, by the way, the American girl who, looking at the statue for the first time, exclaimed "If that's Venus, excuse me!" "Of Milo" would have been no compliment in her ears.



WORKING FOR THE Y.M.C.A. AT ROUEN
LADY RODNEY.

Lady Rodney, who is the widow of the seventh Baron Rodney, whom she married, as his second wife, in 1903, has been assisting in the working of one of the largest of the Y.M.C.A. "Dogs and Cats" Huts on the Continent, at Rouen, the funds for which are supplied by lovers of these animals.—[Photograph by Russell.]



RESTING AFTER HER EXPERIENCES IN SERBIA:
LADY MURIEL HERBERT.

Lady Muriel Herbert is on her way to India, where she will visit her brother, the Earl of Pembroke, and take a well-earned rest after her experiences as a nurse in Serbia and Salonika for more than a year. Lady Muriel lost all her belongings in Serbia, and also her baggage which was shipped to India in the "Maloja."—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



A WORKER FOR THE COMING GENERATION:
LADY SYDENHAM.

Lady Sydenham, who is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, is the wife of the first Baron Sydenham, and is doing good work in helping the Women's League of Service. Lady Sydenham and her friends have served nearly 50,000 dinners, to some 800 mothers, at the headquarters of the League.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

A "BLACKLEG" (LITERALLY, ONLY!): A COWHAM KID.



Miss
Mabel Russell.

WITH THE REGULATION BLACK LEGS, BUT MORE NEATLY TURNED THAN THE TOYSHOP VARIETY:
MISS MABEL RUSSELL AS A "COWHAM KID," IN "SAMPLES," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Miss Mabel Russell, who recently joined the cast of "Samples," the revue at the Vaudeville, appears in it, among other characters, as one of the familiar dolls, with long, black legs, known after their creator, Miss Hilda Cowham, as "Cowham Kids." If all samples of the species possessed the attractions of their impersonator, it is to be surmised that their sphere of influence would not be restricted to the nursery.

Miss Mabel Russell, who had previously played in many a musical comedy, shortly before the war began turned her attention to drama, and made a great hit as Agnes Lynch, a Cockney thief, in "Within the Law," produced at the Haymarket, in May 1913. Last summer, reverting to musical comedy, she took the part of Claire in "Mam'selle Tralala," at the Lyric.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



"INVEST·ME·IN·MY·MOTLEY : GIVE·ME·LEAVE·TO·SPEAK·MY·MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

The Ingenuous Hun.

not. I see a nation with a number of ropes tied to its head, and a number of people pulling at these ropes. First one gives a tug, then another, then a third. And round we go, responsive to the hardest pull. There is nothing very subtle in that.

So much for our politics. Is our literature subtle? I don't see it. Meredith is gone; Henry James is gone. They were subtle men, and they were not national idols. The men who have something of immediate importance to say, such as Kipling, Wells, Arnold Bennett, and a few others, take jolly good care to say it in plain language. They want to be understood of the people, and they know that the people are not subtle-minded.

Yet the Germans consider us subtle. This is a tribute to Sir Edward Grey. Party politics do not exist for this journal, especially in time of war—when they should not exist at all—so I may say that Sir Edward Grey has impressed the Hun with his ability as a diplomatist. We all reap the kudos. We are all as subtle as Sir Edward Grey in the mind of the Hun. That is a gratifying thing.

If we have any pretence at all to subtlety, I cannot credit the Germans with the same quality. Throughout this war, up to the present, they have shown themselves a most ingenuous people. And they are never so wholly and delightfully ingenuous as when telling us, in impassioned phrases, what they really had intended to do.

"Hindenburg's March." Bernhardi began it. Read his book to-

day all over again, and you will chuckle. But a chuckle is nothing much. In time of war you want to laugh outright, and the book to make you laugh outright is "Hindenburg's March Into London." Somebody has lent me a copy, and I spent a most exhilarating evening with it. I don't say the book is for everybody. If you live in hourly or daily or nightly dread of invasion, I would not recommend it. But if you have the splendid confidence in the British Navy and the British forces for Home Defence that you should have, seeing how well the Army and Navy have acquitted themselves in this war, you will enjoy the book.

Germany is pictured as "young Michael" and England as "old England." "Young Michael," it appears, "missed the opportunity for many relations which can only be opened in drawing-rooms when smoking a good cigar." (Sir Edward Grey, I presume, never enters a drawing-room unless he is smoking a good cigar.) "Young Michael," again, was "full of worthy simplicity and blissful trustfulness." "With his large blue eyes"—which I have never observed, always considering them rather small—he "failed to see that Bismarck was now out of date."

After a contemptuous reference to the "Russian bear," who is supposed by the author to be "bleeding from nose and ears, and all four paws," we are taken for a thrilling journey! And at such a speed! Whither do you suppose? You would never guess. It is all so rapid, so breakneck!

We are taken "With the Eastern Army to Calais"! You know how they swooped down on Calais, don't you?

"Hindenburg's Million Army."

This army of invasion, you see, was to march in "seven-league boots." You remember the giant in "Hop-o'-My-Thumb"? You remember the picture of this awful giant striding over steeples, and villages, and rivers, and towns in his seven-leagued boots? Well, that is precisely the way the Hun went—according to our author—to Calais and London.

Here are a few delightful touches—

"The advance in the West will now be impetuous."

"On the chalk cliffs of Dover the German cry of jubilation shall resound."

"To many a man of the Landsturm hard nights of war have added a few wrinkles."

"All are in process of moulding their future according to their plans."

"A great swarm of Zeppelins, of whose size even German soldiers did not venture to dream, travelled one foggy morning to the West Coast of England and sought out the British Navy. With a thousand bombs fifty full hits were made." (Isn't that rather above the average for Zeppelin marksmen?) "Explosions completed the work of destruction. Almost at the same time a gigantic fleet of submarines broke into the British naval harbour"—you know how these submarines batter their way through things! — "and completed the work."

"The performances of Belgian blackguards."

They tell me that no good Hun goes to sleep without a copy of this book under his pillow. I wonder if we should all go mad over a book that described the capture of Berlin?

A Lost Actor. "Colonel Churchill," says the *Daily News*, "has an unrivalled sense of the theatre."

I ventured to point this out some time ago, and I predicted a great career for the gallant Colonel if only he would abandon politics—which he has since in part abandoned—and take to the boards. We cannot, of course, have too many soldiers at the present moment, and I would not lure Colonel Churchill away from France on any account. But, when the war is over, he should consider very seriously the rival allurements of the theatre and the House of Commons.

Personally, I place the theatre far above politics. I, in my foolishness, consider that a great actor, such as Sir Henry Irving, has, ultimately, a deeper influence on the race than any Prime Minister—always supposing that he produces worthy plays. A politician, after all, is a utilitarian person. He is for the moment; an administrator, a superior clerk. He is not an educationalist. He may provide means for the better education of the people; but is that to be compared with the inspiring, vitalising, mental, and emotional energy instilled into an audience by a great actor in a great play? You cannot believe it.

Winston Churchill would be a great actor, and he would discover, to his joy, that there is only one party in the theatre that matters—the party for Artistic and Intellectual Advancement. He would start at the top, and it would be the chance of somebody's lifetime to write his first play.

However, this theme requires space.



THE HONOURABLE BABY AND HER PETS: MISS DORIS STOCKER—
WITH TWO LUCKY DOGS.

Miss Doris Stocker, a well-known member of the Gaiety company, has been in the cast of "To-night's the Night!" from the commencement. Her part is that of the Hon. Baby Vereker, one of the guests at the Carraways'. [Photograph by Rita Martin.]

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OFF THE BEATEN TRACK: A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES.



WAR-FASHIONS IN MILLINERY: A NEW CHAPEAU BUILT
ON THE LINES OF THE FRENCH HELMET.



"THE ARCH-HUN AND HIS ADMIRALISSIMO ASSISTANT"
MASQUERADEERS ABOARD A "BRITISH" WAR-SHIP.



TOE-DANCING ON THE ICE: A "SPECIAL" PAIR OF TOE-SKATES
ON A "SPECIAL" PAIR OF LEGS.



A MASK OF PEACE RESEMBLING A MASK OF WAR: WELDING
TRAM-RAILS BY INTENSE ELECTRIC HEAT.

Woman has not only displayed wonderful patriotism in undertaking all sorts of war-work to help on the good cause; she also reflects the prevailing mood of the nation in her dress. The hat here illustrated is a replica of the French helmet, and is made in the same steel-blue colour.—While ever on the alert, the Navy is not always in solemn mood. A naval officer sends us this photograph "of the Arch-Hun and his Admirallissimo Assistant," adding that "such 'stunts' as this help to keep us cheery."—The third

photograph shows an American invention known as Dazie's toe-skates, the object being, it is stated, "to enable dancers to do stunts on ice." We should like to see them in operation.—The masked man, who rather resembles a modern soldier in an anti-gas respirator, is an American workman welding tram-rails by a high-power electric current. The intense light and heat, which melts the steel, necessitates the wearing of a mask to protect the eyes.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations, Bain, and Fleet Agency.]



CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

THAT which nobody else has been able to do, Mrs. Wharton has done: she has made a really interesting charity book. Not only has she roped in the celebrities, but has stimulated them to something more than the usual pitch of charity performance. Her friend Rodin has contributed one of the most enigmatic of his sketches; her friend Sargent has contributed excellent portraits; her friend Bakst is frantically Russian at her behest; Paul Claudel's poem is one of the finest he has written; and everybody else has managed to be brilliant, or smart, in the good cause espoused by one of the most brilliant, and smart, of American women. Joffre and Roosevelt both do their "bit" for Mrs. Wharton's book. Roosevelt is her particular admirer; so, too, was Henry James, who wrote, only just before his death, his extraordinarily involved impressions of a hospital ward for publication in his friend's volume. The profits from "The Book of the Homeless"—and they are already very considerable—go for the most part to the Children of Flanders Rescue Committee, which was started when Mrs. Wharton found herself in charge of two hundred and sixty small children, and saw crowds more on the horizon. Before they poured in she had made her preparations: six hundred and fifty are now being entertained. But the horizon is still crowded.



AN EARL'S DAUGHTER WORKING FOR THE WAR: LADY FRANCES RYDER

Lady Frances Ryder is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Harrowby. Lady Frances did valuable work as a nurse at a military hospital, and was afterwards commandant of a Red Cross hospital. Her brother, Viscount Sandon, was wounded last year.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

unfortunate creatures of Max's pencil. And pride, especially pride on a rather wobbly pedestal, goeth before a fall.

Lord Curzon's Fall.

Lord Curzon has broken his elbow.

Somebody suggests that he did so in falling off the pedestal upon which he stands in Max's cartoon in Mrs. Wharton's album. "M. Cammaerts listening to Lord Curzon reading a translation by Lord Curzon of a poem by M. Cammaerts," is the legend. M. Cammaerts looks the picture of humility; his translator is puffed up after the horrid fashion of many of the

Two Portions for Three.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the new heir presumptive to the Leinster dukedom, was wounded last August. His brother had been twice wounded before he was killed the other day in France. Their appearances in the Casualty and Honours Lists have been more than



WAR-WORKER AND BREEDER OF SHETLANDS: VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT.

Lady Powerscourt, who is seen in our photograph with two of her pretty Shetland ponies, is President of the County Wicklow branch of the Red Cross Society, and is a very energetic worker on behalf of our troops. Lord Powerscourt, who is a Lieutenant in the Irish Guards, was invalided home from the Dardanelles. Lady Powerscourt is a daughter of the late Mr. Walter Pleydell-Bouverie, and grand-daughter of the late Right Hon. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie, P.C.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

sufficient for any two men; indeed, they may be said to have done their brother's share of work as well as their own—their brother being the Duke of Leinster and the less able-bodied member of the family.

Slung Up. What with visits to Egypt, Africa, and Australia, undertaken in obedience to doctor's orders, combined with his obligations in Ireland, the Duke of Leinster is very little known in London. I believe he is more or less committed by the terms of his father's will to spend the greater part of the year in Ireland, and when he does break away he has to find a place in the sun instead of a place at Murray's, or Romano's, or Ciro's, or at any of those other haunts of his more townly younger brother. Lord Edward married Miss May Etheridge, and a small son has helped to pass the time during the somewhat irksome period of recovery from a painful wound in the arm.

The Hon. No Special Attentions. Angela Manners,

who is gazetted as the recipient of the Royal Red Cross, had a long bout of work in Flanders during the most difficult period. From August to November 1914, a time of chaos, she was especially active. One meets her in the pages of Millicent Duchess of Sutherland's little book of early war adventures—how long ago that seems before the marriage of the Duchess with Major Fitzgerald; before the engagement, too, of Miss Nellie Hozier, another of the early arrivals in Flanders, to Colonel Romilly! Most people seem to have been married, or marred, since those days; Miss Manners herself has lost a brother; but she has preserved the title of "Sister" against all persuasions. I am told the chances of winning a wife in hospital are very small. The girl who keeps every "case" going with a smile has no time for the engrossing individualism or egoism of the incipient lover.



A WORKER AT THE RED CROSS CENTRAL DEPOT: LADY ARBUTHNOT LANE.

Lady Arbuthnot Lane, who is in charge of the bandage work-rooms at the central depot of the Red Cross, at Burlington House, Piccadilly, is the wife of Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., M.S., F.R.C.S., Surgeon to Guy's Hospital and Lieut.-Colonel, R.A.M.C.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



SOME WAR-WORKERS IN IRELAND: A WATERFORD COMMITTEE.

Our photograph shows the Committee of the Waterford Branch of the Irish War Hospital Supply Depot, where all kinds of bandages and dressings are made. The Marchioness of Waterford is President of the Central Depot in Dublin, and also of the Waterford Branch, of which Mrs. H. Ridway is Hon. Secretary. Our photograph shows (from left to right)—Back Row (Standing): Mrs. Gallwey, Mrs. Broomhead, Mrs. Ford, Miss Fleming; Sitting: Mrs. H. Ridway, Lady Waterford, and Mrs. Herbert Goff, wife of Captain Herbert Goff, heir to Sir William Goff Davis-Goff, Bt., of Glenville, Waterford.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

AN EX-LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND TAKES THE FLOOR.



At Palm Beach: Lord Aberdeen, who is Touring the United States for the Red Cross, Dancing on the Piazza of "The Breakers."

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are at present in America, where they are making a tour in the interests of the British Red Cross Fund. Our photograph, taken at Palm Beach, the famous southern winter resort on the coast of Florida, shows the Marquess dancing with a lady well known in New York Society. Lord Aberdeen, it will be remembered, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (for the second time) from 1905 until

February of last year. He has also held, among other high positions, those of Governor-General of Canada, Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire and President of its Territorial Force Association, and Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. At the Coronation he bore the Standard of the Dominion of Canada.—[Photograph by Topical.

ZEPPELINITIES.



"JUST LIKE AN AEROPLANE."

"NOT A BIT LIKE IT! ZEPPS ROAR!"



"NO ROAR!
ABOUT IT.
THUD-THUD!"



NEVER THUD
HUM LIKE THOUSANDS OF BEES!"



A. Wallis
Mills

?

"YOU PROBABLY DON'T HEAR ANYTHING. DROP BOMBS BEFORE YOU KNOW!"

THE L.C.J. A GRANDFATHER: HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.



PRESENTER OF A SON TO HER HUSBAND: THE HON. MRS. GERALD RUFUS ISAACS.

The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Rufus Isaacs has presented her husband with a son; and so has made Lord Reading, the Lord Chief Justice, a grandfather. Mr. Gerald Isaacs, who holds a commission in the Inns of Court O.T.C., was born in January 1889, and

was called to the Bar, at the Middle Temple, in 1912. Last year, he married Miss Eva Violet Mond, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Moritz Mond, P.C., M.P., first Baronet. Mrs. Isaacs was born in 1895.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



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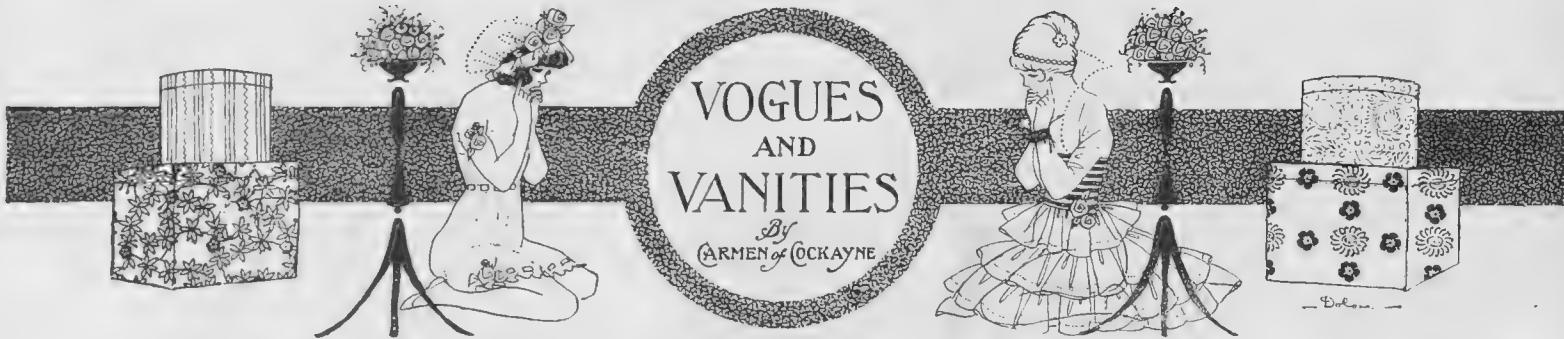


HOOTERS AND HEADLIGHTS.



THE FIELD-MOUSE: Don't you touch us, or I'll report you for over-lighting!

—(N.B.—No report has yet come to hand.—HOME OFFICE.)
DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



Concerning Trifles.

Trifles are important things in life. In dress they are all-important. A quarter of an inch added to the nose of Cleopatra, and the history of the world, it is admitted, might have been wholly different. Antony would not

have fallen in love with her, forgetting ambition and Empire and the dusty politics of Rome far away. But it is certain that the prettiest face in the world will not be noticed unless it tops a well-gowned figure, and we may conclude that the Serpent of Old Nile owed a good deal to her dressmaker as well as to Dame Nature. Dress is not a trifle—to the woman at least; but the art of dressing is really the art of paying due attention to trifles.

Importance of the Et-Cetera.

Due, but not more than due, is a note about the et-cetera, for that is where smartness comes in. Neglect the little et-ceteras altogether, or fail to

East meets West in this Japanese parasol of black-and-white striped silk.

take full advantage of them, and you will not succeed in giving that impression of inevitability which is the perfection of real dressiness. You will be like an unfinished bust by a master, stately but lifeless. Exaggerate the et-ceteras, get them wrong in taste or feeling, too prominent or too *outré*, and you only escape frumpishness to come to grief on theatricality.

Where Economy Does Not Pay.

Nowhere is the importance of the apparently unimportant more emphasised than in dress—in woman's dress, at any rate, where the part is not infrequently of greater value than the whole. In the set of a single gather, the slope of the collar, or the turn of a cuff may lie all the difference between being really well dressed and merely covered; and never has the fact of the supreme importance of detail been better illustrated than in woman's dress at the present time. The uninitiated may jeer, but your woman with an in-born sense of correctness in dress grudges none of the time spent in careful consideration of every little point, by which means alone the perfect *tout ensemble* can be obtained: for if clothes do not make the woman, they can, and do very often, mar her and to economise in the small et-ceteras which go to modish well-being is the most unprofitable form of thrift.



East meets West in this Japanese parasol of black-and-white striped silk.

The Vital Trifle.

Dolores gives some aspects of the vital trifle on this page. Like Michael Angelo's "touches," they help to make the perfection which is no trifle. There is, for instance, the hand-bag. Last year, when the pocket came into being once more, its very existence seemed threatened. But the pocket that bulges is an unsightly object; and in these strenuous days, when the arduous duties of sandwich-cutting and coffee-serving, and canteen work generally, not to mention other and more strenuous duties, necessitate repeated recourse to the powder-puff and the mirror and other aids to beauty, the vanity-bag becomes a very necessary adjunct, though the pocket remains as a hint that in the person of the wearer beauty marches with practicality. The favourite bag is of silk, and as a graceful tribute to the men at the front some charming examples are carried out in regimental colours. Such bags are shaped like haversacks, with various buckles to add a further touch of realism, and

the badge of the corps by way of a clasp. Others, more fanciful both in design and material, are ornamented with jade rings for luck, and gay little bunches of flowers for

frivolity, and are, in fact, as irresponsible and as charming accessories as ever delighted the heart of woman—a statement the truth of which is illustrated on this page.

The Collar Compromise.

In any well-planned scheme of dress the collar is of paramount importance. Last year it rose to unprecedented eminence, threatening even to hide the face of the wearer from the face of an admiring world. But there are limits even to women's submissiveness to the tyranny of fashion, and this year a compromise has been arrived at. While it points an upward way at the back and at either side, the collar remains open in front, the intervening space across the neck being frequently bridged by a couple of narrow bands of silk or velvet fastened by fancy studs. A fanciful novelty in neck-wear illustrated here is the stole-end collar. Made of tulle or ribbon, or chiffon or lace, it fastens close and high round the throat, and is provided with long, fluttering ends reaching to the waist or below it.



"All is vanity," said the preacher, but that was before the days of the vanity-bag, whose utility none will deny.

Dolores—



The height of perfection and it too is this band of flesh-pink tulle.

VERY LOW WATER.



THE NEW DRAFT IN EGYPT (*having taken his first stroll into the desert, three miles from barracks*) : Lummy, George !
The tide 'aint 'arf gone out, 'as it ?

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

Phillip in Particular. V.—The Red-Tape Strafer.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

PHILLIP calmly took his ear from the telephone, leaving the engine running free, so to speak. The gargling and futile voice of the man at the other end of the wire could be heard desecrating the icy morning air.

"The fellow of blood and iron at the other end of this talking trick," said Phillip dispassionately, "is the most determined and ruthless of his species."

The Lieutenant, trying to sit on the stove and write memos at the table with the same movement, asked—

"That the red-tape strafer of the Nth Brigade once more? How he does want to reform us?"

The thin and disembodied gargoyle from the receiver appeared to detonate. Phillip smiled at it kindly.

"Listen to the lad," he said admiringly. "Don't he put artistry into it? And to think he is doing it all for our good! Well, well, war is war."

The Lieutenant yawned a little. It was six in the morning, and he had been working since ten the night before. Also the efforts of the Ironside of Nth Brigade were losing point. He rang up every morning at six to tell them how they hadn't done their work, and to impress upon them the necessity for shedding their easy and luxurious (Staff) lives for the arduous and blessings of labour. As the Lieutenant and Phillip and the rest of H.Q. happened to be working a sixteen to twenty hour day, the humour of the point, once so sparkling and jolly, had begun to dull. The Lieutenant went back to memos. The thin voice spat and gargled from its neglected receiver.

"He'll short-circuit that jigger in half a shake," the Lieutenant said calmly, without looking up. "What does he think heaven, H.Q., and the nation should know, now? 'What a Young Headquarter's Should Know,' by Captain Flick, Adjutant, 18th Bucklersbury Regt., Nth Brigade. Topping title for a book, eh?"

"Banned by the libraries," said Phillip. "His manner of expressing his thoughts is terse but meaty. Oh—about? I think it is about reserve, 'pull-throughs.' They are a decimal—or something on the wrong side of stores indent. And he has memoed us. And nothing has happened." ("Optimist. Did he expect anything would?" from the Lieutenant.) "And he thinks the C-in-C should know."

The gargling eased a trifle. It became almost plaintive:

"I think the first rush has been stemmed," considered Phillip. He picked up the receiver. "Are you there?" he called. The instrument seemed to go off bang. Phillip's face was calm.

"What the brimstone," bellowed a thick voice across the wire, "what the vinegar and gall do you think you are doing? Here am I with no time to spare—"

"That you, Captain Flick?" answered Phillip cheerily. "So glad you didn't give up the struggle. What happened to us?"

"Happened—happened!" howled the enraged voice. "Happened be scorified! Nothing has happened save your criminal carelessness, Sir. And let me tell you, Sir, that your methods of business are fatal, Sir. Fatal to—to a fatal degree. Young, irresponsible, inefficient cubs, Sir, trying to run a most delicate and intricate business. . . ."

Phillip put down the 'phone for a moment.

"His manner is certainly full of body," he said amiably. "There are even moments when I almost think he might be damned offensive."

He lifted the receiver.

"You had got as far as inefficient cubs, Sir," he called mildly. "Would you mind repeating? I should hate not to get your instructions fully."

"Errr-umph!" said the voice. There followed a period of "straight talk" from the other end. Captain Flick had solid views about Staff-work, especially about the work of Staff juniors; he expressed himself, as he did every morning, violently and at length. Captain Flick was one of your Great Reforming Forces—he was all over reforming, he did not spare himself. He gave of everything that was in his soul. The performance was pretty ghastly. To anybody save Phillip that heart-to-heart talk would have tailed off into an armed, vitriolic, and wordy battle. Phillip was not like that. Phillip was kind—almost too kind. But when he "hung up" there was a reflective light in his mild and cherubic eye.

"That feller," he said speculatively, "that feller overdoes things. He has gone beyond the point when I laugh at his drollery. If he isn't curbed—why, he'll get so proud that Mummy won't be able to hold him when he goes home. For his own good—"

Julie came in at this moment with the coffee.

Julie had made a habit of coming in during the first chill hours of the morning with coffee—a lot of coffee with a lot of good heat in it. Julie was the daughter of the billets, so to speak. Julie lived in those rooms which H.Q. did not want, with her mother, and there were many servants. . . . But Julie always came in with the coffee. It was the charity of her pretty little heart, no doubt—and, perhaps, it was Phillip too. Phillip in his beautiful and marvellous clothes, and his air of fearful babyhood, and his blue, innocent eyes, and his adolescent moustache . . . Julies who were *chic* and pretty somehow always remembered how great a virtue was charity when Phillip was about. . . .

So Julie came in with the coffee. And Phillip, instead of greeting her with his usual early morning (and coffee) rapture, gazed at her suddenly, as though he were a young man seeing visions. Then he looked at the 'phone, and back at Julie. And he smiled, deeply.

"Julie," he said superbly, "you are a joy and inspiration. You are also the balm of man. You have come to me at a most trying time. . . . I have been talking to a whale—a very cross whale, with a Staff-officer Jonah in—in the place where whales keep Jonahs. Your presence soothes. The whale was very robust. Ah, and if you had only been here to mollify him. A little feminine society—it would have made a new feller of Flick. . . ."

The Lieutenant looked narrowly at Phillip. He wondered. . . . You see, he knew Phillip. But he did not worry. The coffee was good.

The Lieutenant forgot this curious incident all day. Though Phillip had shown a tendency to quietness picked out with smiles. At six o'clock the next morning he remembered. But only because Phillip caused him to remember.

The 'phone buzzed violently. The receiver gave off harsh and gargling sounds of anger. And Phillip said into it—

"Hello. Hel-lo. Is it that anybody wishes somethin'—bad?"

The Lieutenant gulped. "What the blazes?" he growled. And he stared at Phillip awe-struck. Phillip was answering the 'phone in a delicate, mincing falsetto—the voice, almost, of a woman. The Lieutenant heard the 'phone gargoyle—ah, but with such an ingratiating gargoyle.

"Mais non . . . non, non, non," said Phillip deliciously. "But it is not I who am a Lieutenant. Oh, no-o. Not me. Me—I am Julie."

The voice at the other end gave a wriggle—a sort of prelude to pleasure. "And who is this little Julie?" it said coyly.

Phillip winked across at the amazed Lieutenant.

"Oh, Julie—you kno-ow. The *châtelaine* here, with my mother." With an air of wisdom. "I am cleaning. It is so—so dir-ry."

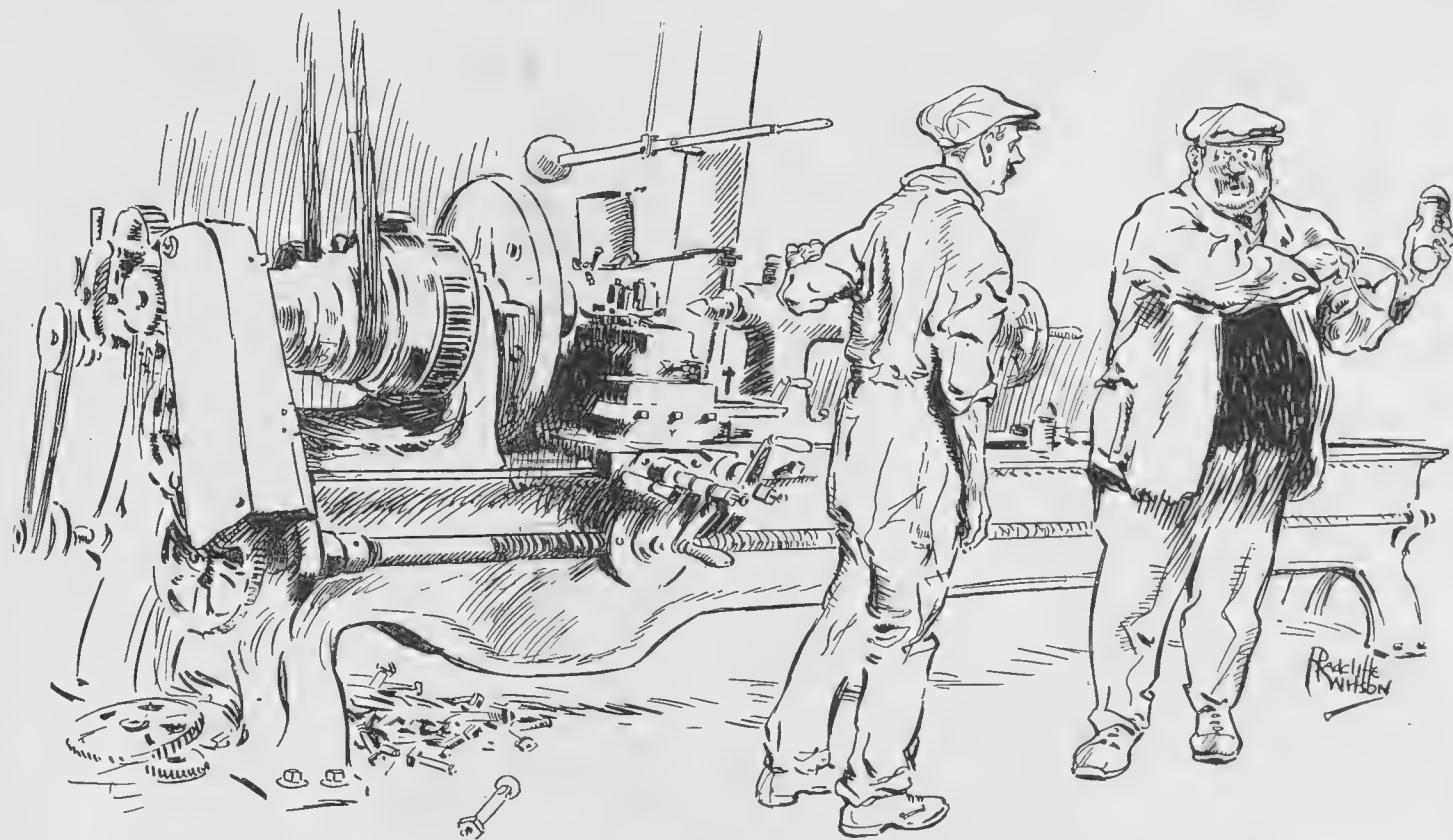
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WIFE OF MAJOR PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: PRINCESS ARTHUR—A NEW PORTRAIT.

Photograph by S. and G.

CARRYING ON.



THE MUNITION-WORKER (to foreman who has found fault with his work): Seems to me it ain't a turner you want on this job.
It's a bloomin' sculptor!

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



THE AMIABLE OLD IDIOT: An' ter think I buried three 'usbands, and not one of 'em ever went out of the country—an' your 'usband's in France already. Well, well, they do git about, some of 'em!

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



THE WIFE: I say, Tom, when your group's called up you'll remember these jolly Sunday morning walks—eh? [He will!]

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

"Oh, vilely," said the coy voice. "I know those Staff people. What a shame, M'selle Julie, that you must do it. . . ."

"O-oh, but I only superintend. I gif th' orders, as you say. An' listen to the—'phoon. Is that righ'?"

"It's beautiful," said the distant, flirtatious voice. "It is the only way to say 'phoon. It couldn't be said more daintily—it couldn't. . . ."

Phillip laughed. The Lieutenant nearly fell on to the stove at that laugh. It was a marvellous laugh—so bird-like, so bell-like, so delicate, so coquettish, so feminine. Phillip, he realised, was an artist.

"O-oh, you English Colonels," said Phillip softly into the mouth-piece. "You aare all th' same. So—so naughtee." (The Lieutenant did fall on to the stove.) "You aare—we-kid. I see I must call to you a Lieutenant."

"Never!" said the flirtatious voice. "Never—you must not be cruel. You can superintend from the tele-'phoon—oh, yes. Why not talk to me as well? You can't imagine—oh, really, you can't imagine, how—how splendid, and—and delicious your voice is to a man in the trenches. In the front line of the trenches, with Germans and mud and death all about him." ("Liar," said Phillip softly to the Lieutenant. "How dare he snare a maiden's heart with such deceit?") "If you are kind of heart, dear Julie—"

"Well, then, since you are one of those so brave ones—for a minueete, yes," replied Phillip dulcetly. "But only a minueete. They will be back in—in ten minueets from now. You see, we aare only allowed to come here from six o'clock. An' only to come for fifteen minueets then. It is all they can spare—in spite of so much of the dirt. They say it is the only time that there is so little to do—no messages on the 'phoon, no orderlies, nussing."

"How lucky I am!" said the tender voice across the 'phone. "You see, they did not tell you the truth. I always ring up at six o'clock—always. I never miss—and so I am lucky."

"A—ah, but no, they did not forget—p'raps. Aare you the one man, then, that alway' ring up? If that is you, then they say you are the man who not matter a dam! Is that you, an' what is a 'dam'?"

The 'phone choked a little. The Lieutenant choked a lot. Phillip smiled sadly and kindly, and went on listening and speaking.

"A 'dam' is not a thing they should have said before so pretty a little girl," said Captain Flick bravely and adoringly. "It is also a term meaning that they feel they have not brains enough to talk to me." ("Well, that ain't bad," thought Phillip.) "But still, since that is their reason for being out of the room, it is more to my pleasure. I will talk to you instead, M'selle Julie. I will spend my days thinking of talking to you. If you come in at six, exactly at six, and I always ring up at six—well, little Julie, I shall spend all my time while I am crouching under German bullets—oh, and shells—thinking of six o'clock. . . ."

There was a lot more talk, tender talk. Phillip kept it up brilliantly. When he "hung up" again he had an appointment for a ten-minute talk each morning at six o'clock—at least, Julie had an appointment.

"Phillip," said the Lieutenant, when he had pulled himself together. "Phillip, what evil and horrible design have you on that man's soul? What torments are being prepared for unsuspecting Flick? And what about Julie?"

Phillip was smiling, but bland. "The feminine influence is a great softener of hearts," he said reflectively. "It even sweetens strong, reforming men. It even sweetens 'em too much, perhaps. But strong, reforming minds are like that. They swing to extremes. To hear the robust Flick being tenderly, adoringly, idiotically coy was heart-rending. He can be coyer than any man. And it is sticky—you can't imagine how terribly sticky it is. . . . Oh, Julie, I don't think Julie will come into it."

And though the red-tape straffer rang up on the two following mornings, Julie did not come into it. True, he spoke ten-minutely and fervently to someone he called Julie, but ever it was Phillip who replied. And as Phillip had said, he was a prince amongst the coy. He made ground rapidly. His tenderness became almost alarmingly saccharine (though his communiques to H.Q. delivered over the same 'phone an hour later—as though this was his first

time of using the 'phone o' mornings—lost nothing in regularity, power and body). The love-tone in his voice became more glowing.

"He ripens quickly," said Phillip on the second time of speaking as Julie. And on the third occasion, he said, "I think he is quite mature. To-morrow he will be proposing to me—I mean Julie. He will tell me—I mean Julie, of the tender way he would like to hold hands, how we would walk in the gloaming, how we could kiss beneath the moon. . . . Certainly, I think he is mature enough. To-morrow, I think, will be the day of his most luxuriant affection."

"To-morrow?" asked the Lieutenant. "What are you going to do to that poor wretch to-morrow?"

Phillip smiled kindly. He was remembering how inefficient, irresponsible, and hopeless all Staff cubs were—to Flick.

To-morrow at six the 'phone buzzed as joyfully as on May morn.

Phillip picked it up softly.

"Chérie," burbled the infatuated voice. "Chérie, you are here, again, chérie. . . ."

Phillip reached out softly. His hand dwelt on the exchange-switch. He moved the lever over. He pressed strenuously on the "buzzer" push.

The Lieutenant nearly had a fit.

Six rooms away a Brass Hat of—well, his particular rank does not matter, but his temper was rich and sub-tropical—leapt out of bed on to the cold floor in the cold air of six o'clock, and grabbed at the 'phone at his bedside. The "buzzer" was going madly. He knew what it meant. It was the beginning of the great German "push" in the West. He grabbed the 'phone to his head. . . .

"Chérie," said a sickly and infatuated voice in his ear. "Chérie, but you are a sly coquette. I know you are listening. I can hear your pretty little movements. You are being—naughty, I know—"

"Crrr!" said the Brass Hat, beside himself with cold and amazed wrath. "Crrr!" but

sleep was in his throat, and the lethal noise sounded gentle.

"You sly kitten," called the soft and treacly voice. "You wicked little fairy." ("Fairy!" gulped the infuriated mind of the Brass Hat, "this—this Hanwellite idiot calls me a fairy—me!"). "But I know you. You cannot deceive me. My heart tells me. . . . I can smell the violets in your hair. Yes, even over the 'phone, I can smell—delicately, entrancingly, ravishingly—the violets in your hair."

"Violets in my—my God!" gasped the particularly bald Brass Hat. And in a voice of thunder he howled:

"Who are you, Sir? Who of the League of Lunatics are you, Sir? Tell me your name at once, you—you blithering imbecile!"

"Eh," came the voice of Flick comparatively startled.

"Eh—yes, eh!" snarled the volcanic Higher Up man. "I'll 'eh' you, Sir. I'll teach you to sing your comic songs at me across the 'phone, Sir. At six o'clock on a dam parky morning, Sir. Your name, Sir. Your regiment, Sir. Your Division and Brigade, Sir."

At that moment Phillip switched back to himself.

"That you, Captain," he said affably. "You seem to have come ungummed somewhere. You've got through to the D.A.G., or the C.G.S., or even the C.-in-C.—from the loud sound of things. What have you been saying to him—whatever he is—from the noise he must be feeling wounded to the quick."

"But," protested Flick wildly. "But Julie . . . Julie was on the 'phone, and—"

"My dear man," said Phillip blandly. "Do you suffer from delusion at all? Julie . . . my dear old thing, Julie left us a month ago."

"What!" gasped the despairing Flick. "What! But I have been talking to Julie for the past three days. How—who could I have been talking to—"

"I leave that to your efficient mind," said Phillip with a grin.

"All I can say is that you have been talking to one of the most determined of Brass Hats in the last few minutes, and that the best thing for you to do is to cut off, before he tracks you."

Flick cut off.

He cut himself off for a month. He cut himself off altogether from Phillip for all time. He had heard of Phillip. He had abruptly realised that perhaps, after all, Phillip was efficient. Deadly efficient, in some things.

THE END.



IN "BETTY," AT DALY'S:
MISS IVY SHILLING.

Photograph by Bassano.



IN "FOLLOW THE CROWD," AT
THE EMPIRE: MISS CYLLENE
MOXON.

Photo. by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

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WOMAN'S WAYS

Why English People Dislike Germans.

Before the horrors of August 1914 in Belgium, it is safe to say there was no active dislike of Germany or Germans in England—only a certain resentment of their appearance and manners and of their way of eating. Indeed, the German tourist, in whatever land he found himself, was not rapturously welcomed. In hotels and restaurants, he always demanded the largest meal for the smallest price, squabbled over the bill, and made as much noise as an Englishman, Frenchman, and Italian combined. But this was not the height of his offending in British eyes; it was the way he ate his soup, and plunged a knife into his mouth with a supply of green peas upon it. The Englishman can forgive national vices, and even crimes, but an odour of garlic, dubious-looking nails, or the knife-in-mouth habit will alienate him for ever.

The Englishman's Code.

His personal code is severe, and he applies it drastically to his own countrymen. From the time he is breeched and goes to a public school

he is the slave of social shibboleths. How, then, could you expect

this Briton, when he grew up and travelled, to be hail-fellow-well-met with a stout, bearded gentleman in horrifying clothes (with womenkind to match), who made Venice into an annex of Munich, and destroyed the meticulous charm of Monte Carlo? His horrid knife was as formidable as Siegfried's sword; and not even Bayreuth pilgrims could forgive the sausage-and-beer orgies they had to assist at in Wagner's shrine. Let Germans learn that part of Kultur consists in seemly manners at table, and there may yet be a chance, some day, of their entering the society of more civilised nations.

Henry James at Play.

Most people, in their awe-struck confidences about the great writer who has just passed away, never give the slightest idea that Henry James possessed a keen, if ironical, humour, and that he could at times be playful in quite a boyish way. If his eyes were tragically sad—and, moreover, he seldom laughed—he had a sort of *fond* of benevolent good-humour which was very attractive. At a house where one met him on two or three occasions surrounded by that atmosphere of boisterous gaiety in which English people eat their Christmas dinner, Henry James showed himself an expert at pulling crackers. Nor shall I ever forget the delightful spectacle of the famous novelist seated with us all, after dinner, on the drawing-room floor, engaged in blowing a small feather across a stretched linen sheet. The ardour and the vigour which our author put into this age-old pastime were equal to that of the youngest girl in the party.

The Larger Lunacy.

In the vast and organised lunacy of a world-war, all individual and minor madnesses seem to become merged, so that asylums in the belligerent countries can be emptied to make place for wounded, and sanatoriums advertise in vain for patients. The decrease in madness among potential soldiers is remarkable, and points to the fact that mental disease may arise from lack of a great interest and incentive such as war at once provides.—ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"JERRY" certainly caused some laughter, also it gave to the critics an opportunity of saying that it was "jerry-built"—for which they ought to have been grateful, instead of which, to use the old phrase, they pulled it to pieces, and this, of course, was easy, having regard to the flimsiness of its construction. After all, Mr. William Ashley's farce at the Duke of York's Theatre is quite a harmless piece of nonsense, in which one seemed to trace an effort to repeat the success of "A Little Bit of Fluff." Such things, however, do not bear repetition. Moreover, one can have too much of the humours of a terrible female determined to marry a timid little man, who can easily get out of her clutches if he will. Rather brave of the author to pretend that the hero, and also his lawyer, thought that Jerry was bound to marry the woman because he had promised to do so: there was a doctrine of the "pre-contract of marriage" some centuries ago, but nowadays even the butcher-boy who whistles rag-time music in the street without syncopation knows that you can get out of a promise of marriage by paying—or owing—damages. Still, we had Miss Yvonne Arnaud, quite charming as the jolly girl whom the hero wanted to marry. Why didn't they give her a song or two to sing?—I should have spared acres of the dialogue for a few notes of her pretty voice. And we had Mr. Berte Thomas, quite amusing, by his clever performance in the part of a butler; and Miss Sinna St. Clair played a house-keeper very well; while Miss Gladys Ffolliott was sometimes amusing as the terrible female. Mr. Charles Windermere, in the name-part, acted strenuously, and with some degree of success, but he might jump about less.



LADIES AS FLAG-WAGGERS: SOME LEADING MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN SIGNALLERS TERRITORIAL CORPS. From left to right are seen: "Lieutenant" G. Barnett, Officer Commanding, 1st London Platoon; "Commandant" A. Del Riego, originator of and "Officer Commanding the Corps"; "Lieutenant" V. Atkinson-Grimshaw, Officer Commanding 2nd London Platoon; "Signaller" V. St. John Hunt; "Lance-Corporal" M. Barne; and (kneeling) "Signaller" C. Metcalfe. The Women Signallers Territorial Corps has members in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and aims at linking up every town and village by means of women trained in all branches of signalling. Classes are held daily at the Headquarters Training School in London. "Lance-Corporal" Barne is a daughter of the late Lady Constance Barne.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

There is plenty of fun in Sir James Barrie's cinema joke given at a Coliseum matinée, and now on for a run. No doubt, "The Real Thing at Last" seems hardly up to the standard of its distinguished author; but its humours are comfortably obvious and have some freshness. "Macbeth" does lend itself very well to the "movies," and also is easily burlesqued, just as any movie performance itself can be made fun of without difficulty; and so we had two mirthful elements in conjunction, and the assistance of a lot of clever people of distinguished position on our stage, notably Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Edmund Gwenn. Perhaps the greatest laughter came from the comic lines, "the head-lines" of the film pictures, which were full of quiet fun of a dry character. And yet probably the audience had its biggest joy in the tremendous stage fight between the Two Macs—a combat terrific beyond language, and not really very much droller to the cynical than some I have seen upon the serious stage, though for the sake of peace I dare not specify them. And the happy-ever-after ending? Well, that was not much more grotesque in the way of distortion than one that we have seen lately at an enormously important playhouse. I ought to have mentioned the clever comic work of Mr. Nelson Keys, who represented Lady Macbeth, and gave great delight to the house. The audience was in a particularly amiable mood, and would have laughed at Sir James Barrie's dramatic joke even had it been less obvious.

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The Championesses of the Attested. "Your husband is going to stay and go on as usual, is he?" "Yes; he was not such a goose as to attest and risk leaving me and my two on 12s. 6d. a week." "You are actually proud of him?" "Well, I don't say that; and he's not over-happy himself; but I'm glad he's not going, and that is a fact." "He'll go yet; it is not likely that the English Government, for all they say against it, will give itself that kind of a reputation for rank injustice." He'll go if he must, and only that! This conversation took place between the wives of two men, earning between three and four hundred a year,

living in little villas next door to each other. The first is in one of the groups of married men called up; the other never attested. Rank injustice does not seem quite to meet the case, which is that of penalising the women and children of patriotic, brave, and loyal men, and rewarding the families of—well, let us call them, *les autres*!

A Juvenile Objector. A small boy, promised a miniature motor-car when he was twelve, remembered that birthday, and what it was to bring, when the promiser did not. The subject was cleverly led up to by the approaching twelve-year-old, but the uncle remained quite unconscious, and so the frontal attack had to come. "Uncle Ronald, do you remember my twelfth birthday will be in ten days, and you promised me a motor-car when I was twelve?" Told that he would have to postpone his twelfth birthday until after the war, the lad's conscientious objecting took a very violent turn; and he ended by remarking that "a gentleman's promise was a promise," and, for his part, he couldn't see what the war had to do with it. "This," said his uncle: "I'm too old to fight, and, anyway, I lost an eye fighting in South Africa; but I'm giving all my income, except what keeps me alive, to help the wives of men I know who have gone, and I've not enough money to buy you a little car; but a gentle-

man would not expect a promise to be kept in the circumstances. If you have your car, my chauffeur's wife won't have enough for meals for her children, or the wives of some of the servants at my

club must suffer. Must I give you your car?" The boy turned away, suspiciously near tears, and a couple of hours later turned up with 13s. 10d., and told his uncle "he really hadn't any use for a car just then, and that perhaps the contents of his money-box might be some use to some of his wives!" The uncle ignored the Mormon suggestion, and shook hands with his nephew. I think they will both pass for gentlemen!

Hard Lines.

They are the lines we are most of us best acquainted with since war-loving William worked his wicked way; but particularly hard is it for the young widow of Captain Douglas Reynolds, V.C., who died recently from gas-poisoning. She is not yet twenty-one, and a fortnight before the tragic news reached her, she had a fine little son, whom she looked forward to introducing to his father, and now he has passed to his reward as a hero without seeing his wee boy; but he has left him a splendid heritage. Mrs. Douglas Reynolds was just a pretty, gay, laughter-loving girl; now she is a woman and a widow. She is one of the twin-daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Petersen, of

Cherckley Court, and had previously had her only brother, a gallant and splendid young Life Guardsman, killed in the war. Her second and youngest sister was to have been married on the 4th to Mr. Alastair Miller, only surviving son of Sir William and Lady Miller, of Glenlee, who is in the Irish Guards, and attached to the Royal Flying Corps. The wedding was postponed. Mr. Millar's elder brother was in the Grenadier Guards and was killed in action; so does tragedy after tragedy touch our people, who yet remain brave and British to the core.

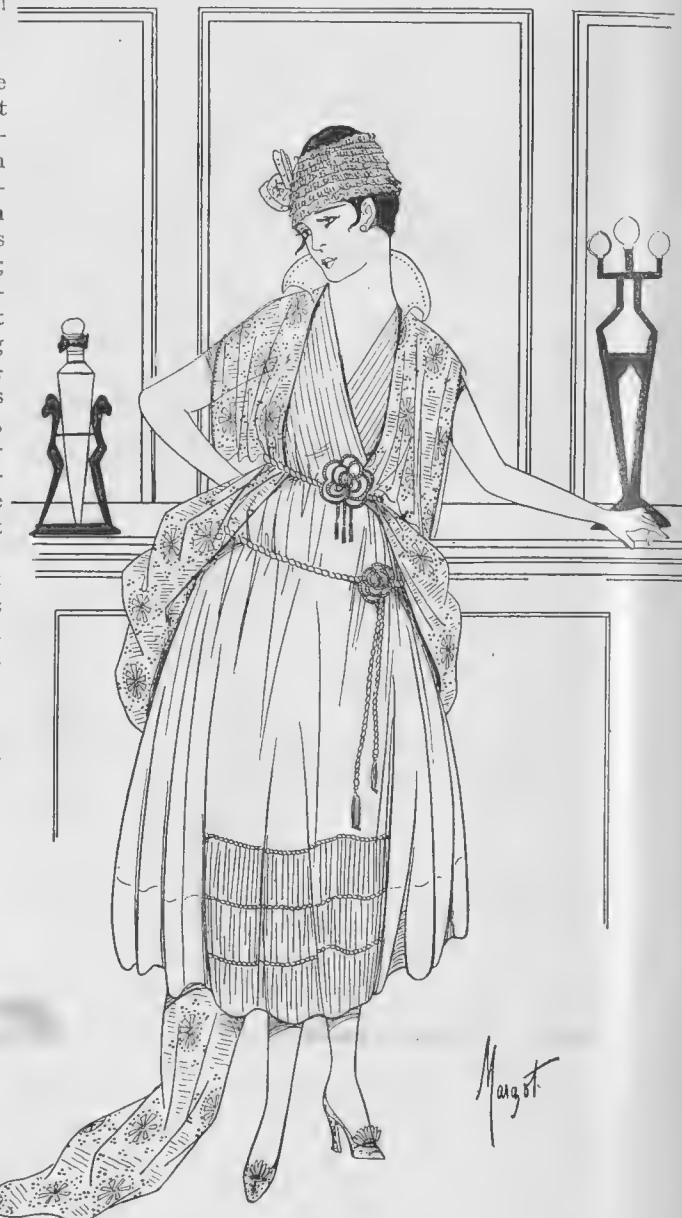
Two Princesses and Some Officers. Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll were very gracious last week to some young officers at the hostel for them which Princess Henry of Battenberg opened. A stalwart young Highlander, with his arm in a sling, presented a bouquet, and possibly felt less shy when he was facing the guns at Loos. On that occasion he was not at all shy, and on this he bore himself quite manfully. Sir Francis Lloyd, General Commanding the London District, was not shy about saying we had to destroy Prussian militarism, German power-lust, German cruelty, German boastfulness, and Germany as a great nation; and to do it we wanted men, and still men! The hostel is a club for officers in connection with Miss Ethel McCaul's Hospital for Officers in Welbeck Street.



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man would not expect a promise to be kept in the circumstances. If you have your car, my chauffeur's wife won't have enough for meals for her children, or the wives of some of the servants at my



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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE ECONOMY OF MOTORING: A MATTER OF OPINION: A HINT OR TWO FROM AMERICA.

The Convenient Car.

Facts which have long been commonplace to any given section of the community may remain unrecognised by the generality for years. The rule holds good in motoring as in all else, and though two decades have passed since its birth in this country there are still countless people who have never realised the true inwardness of the use of cars and other motor vehicles. In a word, a car is a practical convenience which no other product, mechanical or animal, can supply, and its primary purpose is served whether the chassis is surmounted by a limousine body or a tester's sugar-box.

Cross-Country Journeys.

Above all, moreover, on the credit side of motoring is the fact that railway travelling on main-line routes and on cross-country journeys are two things as opposite as the Poles. Anyone living between London and the southern coast will know the truth of this from practical experience. One may live forty miles from town, and yet have to come up to Waterloo to take an express to a place forty miles out on another tangent, when the two are little more, or even less, than the same distance apart by road; any attempt to travel over the base of the triangle by rail means slow trains and long waits at junctions. Even the suburban resident gains in every way by the use of a car. Necessity takes me, for example, from time to time to a place twenty-three miles west of Marble Arch, and to another on the fringe of Surrey and Kent. In the former case I have to make four changes by train, and the journey never takes less than two hours; but by road I can do it in 1½ hours, at the cost of third-class travelling for one person, and at a great saving if I carry passengers. The eastern journey takes me an hour by road, and is cheaper and quicker than by train; while in the latter case there is 2½ miles between the station and the house, either to be walked or reached at a cost of six shillings—two cab fares. If I lived further south the road journeys would be inappreciably greater, while the train difficulties would be considerably increased. Now the vast majority of the cars one sees on the road in war-time, other than those employed in military or benevolent work, are engaged in cross-country journeys of this kind; and, this being so, the idea that all private motoring is a luxury *per se*, or that it is essentially maintained for "pleasure," is almost as far-fetched and remote from the truth as anything which the mind could conceive.

A Disputed Point. It is not often that one finds cause to differ from the *Autocar* on questions of mechanical interest, for its technical staff is very sound. A statement, none the less, which it has lately published is, to my thinking, decidedly open to question, although on every ground I should have been glad had it been otherwise. Speaking of American designers, the *Autocar* declares that, fond as they are of multiplying cylinders, they are "by no means abreast of our own men in the matter of those refinements that add so much to the pleasure of driving and travelling

in a first-class British car." This sentence was attached to a description of the Fergus car, an Irish product of which too much can hardly be said in the way of praise, for it embodies many of the refinements for which owner-drivers have sighed and clambered these ten years past, and deserves not only a huge success, but has set an example



A GENEROUS GIFT FROM THE HELLENIC COMMUNITY IN LONDON: A FLEET OF MOTOR-AMBULANCES.

Proofs multiply of the goodwill and sympathy of the Hellenic community in London with our soldiers fighting so gallantly for that spirit of freedom which is innate in the soul of Greece and her chivalrous sons. Our photograph of a fleet of motor-ambulances for our Balkan Forces, subscribed for by the Hellenic community in London, presented to the British Red Cross Society, and shown last week in St. James's Square, adds to the reasons for our grateful recognition of their friendly attitude.

Photograph by Alfieri.

which should be universally adopted by every manufacturer of a car. But one swallow does not make a summer, and it is, unfortunately, only too true that it is in the very details above named that the average British designer has still much to learn from Transatlantic products.

Carburetter Control.

American cars have mostly engines of the low-efficiency type, and in workmanship are inferior to the products of our own country. Their palpable shortcomings are excused on the score of cheapness; but the curious fact remains that, though in so many respects inferior,

they nevertheless embody sundry details which might just as easily as not be fitted to every British car. To mention one out of several, there is the provision, characteristic of most American cars, of a means of varying the air-control of the carburetter from the driving-seat. Many carburetters on British or European cars have by no means adequate adjustment to the carburetter, and even where such exists, it can only be effected by the lifting of the bonnet; whereas on many Transatlantic cars the driver can close the air-vent, for starting



THE HEALING VALUE OF LAUGHTER: "DANDY DICK," AT THE FRONT, BY A MOTOR-AMBULANCE CONVOY.

Our photograph shows a group of members of No. 6 Motor Ambulance Convoy, in France, where, in the intervals of their serious and benificent labours, they have been entertaining many of the wounded, and soldiers resting from the arduous conditions of

life in the trenches, with a spirited representation of Sir Arthur Pinero's irresistible comedy, "Dandy Dick."

purposes, without leaving his seat, or can vary the mixture according to circumstance while actually running. Self-starters, too, are far more general as standard fittings in America than in our own country. All the greater is the pity that cars which are superior in workmanship and other necessary features to Transatlantic models should nevertheless lack sundry conveniences which one would least expect to find in what are more or less flimsy products.

Security from the



NOW is the time when roads are at their worst, and likely to remain so for some weeks. The best-handled car has to face every minute the danger of skidding.

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GENERAL NOTES.

Sad Accident to a Professor.

Lady Mary Murray has more than once smiled at her husband the Professor, or smiled at least at the figure he has been made to cut in the papers. Not long ago a literary critic in the *Times* discovered that he had committed himself—quite unintentionally, perhaps—in a book-preface to a theory of aesthetics that glorified "drunkenness and swindling." Now his photograph has appeared in a Stockholm paper side by side with a ferocious-looking apostle of Kultur from Berlin—a Berliner in every feature; and Gilbert Murray's name appears under the German professor's countenance and a German name under Gilbert Murray's: a German name that Lady Mary cannot even pronounce!

The Flagging Business. Lady MacDonnell has been very pushed to get things ready for

Irish Flag Day, which seems to have descended on us at short notice. Many of the ladies of Welsh Day are to be out again; Lady Drogheda, for instance, who spent long hours in Oxford Street a week or two ago, can hardly claim exemption; and other Irish titles have been starred for service. Lord and Lady de Freyne, by the way, remained in London for part of their honeymoon. If Lady de Freyne is called upon to sell flags, she must put up with a very assiduous cavalier who will insist on buying up her entire stock if business is slow, or her feet are cold.

The Charles Street Club. The Maple Leaf Club, just off Berkeley Square, is doing a

great little work. It gives the Canadian soldier a *pied à terre* in the centre of things; saves him from cinema headache, from too long a course of restaurant-feeding, and, above all, from the *Lonely Officer* advertiser in the *Agony Column*. It is a pleasant place for luncheons and teas; and it does something—here is an important point—for the Americans who are serving in the Canadian Contingent. They,



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT ARTHUR C. N. SPICER: MISS BARBARA GERTRUDE PATTERSON.

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Photographs by Lallie Charles.

ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT JOHN CHRISTOPHER LAIDLAY: MISS ROSE ADELAIDE ELLIOT.

Mozart, Mr. Ernie Lotinga, Mr. Sam Mayo, Mr. Cooper Mitchell, Mr. Vernon Watson, Mr. Harry Weldon, Mr. James Welch, Mr. Fred Emney, "Coram," Mr. Bert Errol, Mr. R. G. Knowles, Messrs. York and Leonard. The matinée will take place on Thursday, March 16, at the Palladium, commencing at 2 p.m., doors open at 1 p.m. Every seat has been reserved at prices ranging from 2s. 6d. to £1 1s.

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THE LATE POET-QUEEN OF ROUMANIA ("CARMEN SYLVA.")
THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA WITH HIS TROOPS IN THE FIELD.
THE CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EGYPT.
MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S PORTRAIT OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE.
WAR PHOTOGRAPHS FROM EAST AFRICA; ERZERUM; BITLIS; THE MEUSE; AND THE BALKANS.
ITALIAN ARTILLERYMEN HOISTING A GUN UP A MOUNTAIN IN THE ALPS.
THE WORK OF THE NATIONAL GUARD—MEETING SOLDIERS, RESCUE DRILL, FIELD-MANCEUVRES, Etc.

OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.
GERMAN TRENCHES SHELLED AND TAKEN BY THE BRITISH.
THE STOKEHOLD OF A MODERN BATTLESHIP.
THE 15-INCH GUNS OF H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH."
BLOWING UP OLD LIGHTERS IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN.
INCIDENTS DURING THE GREAT GERMAN ATTACK AT VERDUN.
A GERMAN X-RAY MOTOR OUTFIT.
A FLYING CORPS MOTOR REPAIR-SHOP.
FENCING AS A SPORT FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS.
INDIAN TRANSPORT AT SALONIKA.
THE SEIZURE OF GERMAN SHIPS IN PORTUGAL.

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